



# VERLYN



COMMENCEMENT  
ISSUE

1937

## Lyndon Institute

A school of opportunity, where earnest, purposeful young people may gain an education at moderate cost. It offers. . .

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Commercial Course

State Normal Training Course

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O. D. MATHEWSON, Principal — Lyndon Center, Vt.



## FOREWORD

Between the fall and the springtime  
When the work piles on us like towers,  
We have many discussion periods  
Which are known as the Verlyn hours.

The ideas we hold fast in our fortress  
Are written down right at the start.  
Our pencils and pens fly with vigor,  
For our work is taken to heart.

O Verlyn, we'll remember you ever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till Sanborn shall crumble to ruin  
And the grass in the field turns to hay.



### TO MISS FRISBY

Deep in our hearts this dark-haired lady from Kentucky has built a shining mansion of memories. The walls are painted in lovely warm colors of friendship, good cheer, and understanding. Woven with beautiful fine threads a priceless tapestry patterns her teachings, and when we gaze upon its wonder of design we realize how very much she has enriched our lives by her patient weaving.

We hope that you will not desert your mansion, dear Kentucky lady, but will "come back" to open wide again the portals and let the sunshine in.



### OUR FRIENDSHIP WISH

All happiness we wish for you  
A misty dawn with sunrise trumpets  
Heralding the day — your work to do.  
At noontide, lacy clouds afloat  
In skies which smile, skies of clear blue  
Symbol of loyalty, friendships deep and true;  
Bright laughter's little silver flute  
To blow when other songs are mute,  
A fair white dream with rainbow wings  
To hover 'round life's common things,  
New trails to climb, a windswept mountain height  
A golden moon above the darkened trees  
Where tiny star gleams watch all thru' the night.  
Once more the trumpets of the dawn — again the light  
Life's beauty with its ever changing hue  
All this and more, we wish for you.

—Verlyn Board

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### TO MOTHER BEAN

We girls are glad for one good year  
With such a loyal friend as you,  
A friend to link in life's long chain,  
A golden mem'ry shining true.

We thank you for the kindly words  
That helped us on our patterned way  
The aid you gave will stay with us  
To help us forward every day.

To you our Mother dear we say  
Our life at Bean has been just grand  
We'll look with pleasure on those days  
Because of you, please understand.

—Your Bean Girls

## To Miss Wilson

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### MY STAR

When God was hanging out his stars  
To guide the travelers' way  
He let one slip from out his hand.  
It fell to earth that day.

Folks thought it was but stardust  
Left by some angel's kiss,  
It was so sweet, so fair and dear  
This dainty blue-eyed miss.

But there shone at last a wonderous star  
From one of God's own patterns.  
It far surpassed his heavenly hordes  
Of dusky star-lit lanterns.

Still, I, like ancient men of yore,  
Must worship from afar,  
And thank the Lord who let it fall  
For this, my guiding star.

—The Junior Class



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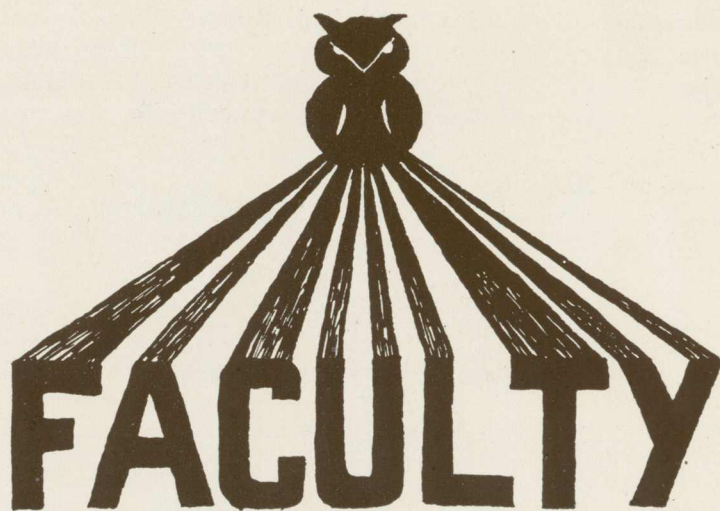
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### TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Foreword	1	Class Auction	26
Dedication	2	Obituary of Junior Class	29
My Star	4	Class Poem	30
Verlyn Board	5	Freshmen	31
Faculty	6	Student Government	39
Graduates	11 & 16	Social Activities	42
The Senior Trip	14	Literary	48
Senior Prophecy	15	Humor	53
Class Prophecy	22	Autographs	59







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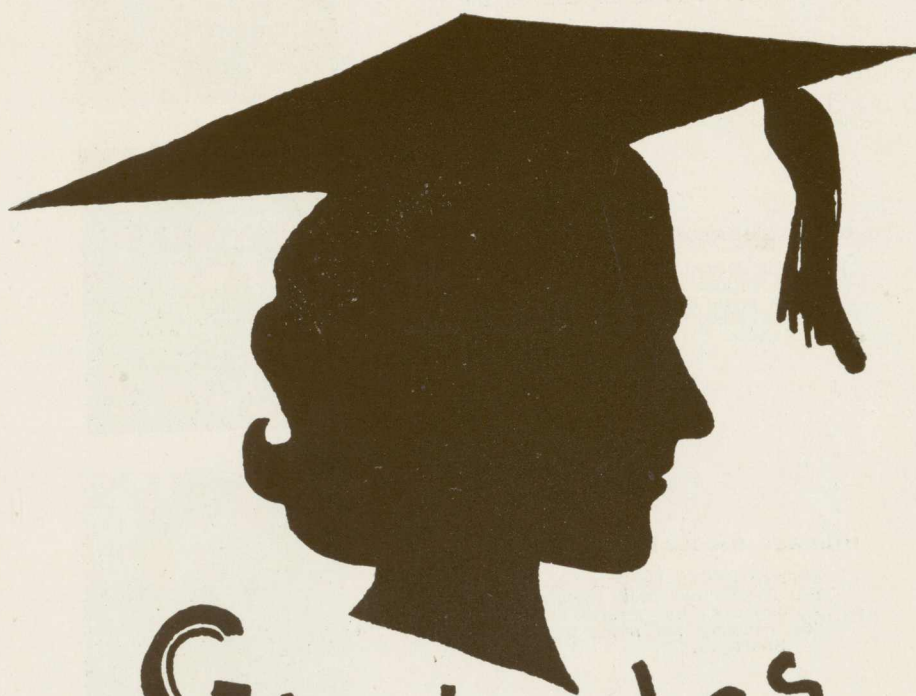


MR. CHARLES HAPGOOD

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State Teachers College, Fitchburg, Mass.  
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Graduates

**GARNETTA ALLEN**

Garnetta is one of our workers true,  
She'll cheer you up if you're lonesome  
or blue.  
Many times you can hear her trill  
Those notes about the song of Bill.

**DEAN EMERSON**

Dean, though the only male in our class  
Goes outside to seek his lass,  
Good luck, Dean, in your new work  
We're sure that never one task you'll  
shirk.

**MILDREL DeCOLAINES**

Mildred DeColaines what a hard name  
But it isn't her fault she's not to blame.  
At one time her interest was on a fort  
'Tis rumored her name will someday be  
Short(ie).

**ETHELYN FINDLAY**

Ethelyn's abilities reach far and wide,  
In Washington next year she'll reside,  
We think it's grand for her to take  
That art course even if it's for his sake.



**DORIS WEST**

Doris is our wit and pest;  
Everything she does is her best,  
A primary teacher she will make  
If not a Badger some day she does take.

**ETHEL WEST**

Ethel is another West,  
We hear that Cabot is the town she likes  
best,  
In the office she works with all her  
might  
So she can go for that stroll (alone) at  
night.

**PEGGY PIERCE**

Peggy is full of vigor and vim,  
From acting and working she's grown  
rather slim,  
There's only one male she seems to like  
And that is he whose name is Mike.



### THE SENIOR TRIP THAT NEVER HAPPENED

Speaking of the Senior Trip, how would one define it? A well-planned trek not out **into the field**, but **far afield**, with only one solitary male, Chief Rajah Emerson, guiding solicitously the six bits of femininity which constituted his harem.

This very definition in itself spells trouble. The complexity of the situation necessitates considerable meditation and conference. First, a trip requires that filthy lucre known as **cash**, ninety cents for each of the empty senior heads—sort of a per capita intelligence tax. This would never bear the Maharajah and his “wimmin” very far afield.

A lobby was conducted by Principal Rita L. Bole before the Vermont Legislature in an attempt to exact an additional appropriation to cover the senior wanderlust. After two night sessions, the sage solons decreed against such expenditure for these reasons: first, they lacked the international aspect—Montreal was “furrin” territory; second, to manage any six women at one time was considered too much for the I. Q. of the Maharajah’s gray cells; third, the lucrative status of the senior budget should take care of any playtime activity without increased taxation; such increase would be better applied to their Old Age Pension; fourth, that the extra cost of individual chaperones would result in unbalancing the state budget, further that the chaperones themselves might be unbalanced from the **weighty** responsibility of the Maharajah and his ladies.

This edict having been passed, the seniors went into a huddle to decide where next? Vail’s Mansion, Burke Pond, Our Husbands’ Remedy Plant and Pudding Hill were all solemnly considered. The balloting was so close that no majority could be reached; hence, no decision.

Shortly after this meeting of the meditative seven, a telegram was received through Mr. Bailey from the State Board of Education, containing a recommendation suggested by the Commissioner of Finance, to wit: that the Maharajah be allowed to take his Cinnamon and that each little girl might ask her **one little boy**. This recommendation is now pending in the “Upper House” of the faculty; to the “Lower House” has been assigned the clerical work of consulting the files to see if any precedent might possibly be violated.

Since the present seniors, the Maharajah and his six, are UNPRECEDENTED and without equal, WHY WORRY?

Laura Pierce

Dean Emerson

## SENIOR PROPHECY

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Ethelyn Findlay's a great tall gal—  
Who's now become an artist  
A big paint brush she splashes with  
Much to the kids' amusement.

Garnetta now does tend to Bill  
And has a happy future,  
She's living on the farm so dear  
Old L. N. S. she's near.

Doris West is spending the dough  
As fast as Levi makes it,  
The poor man knows he hasn't a chance  
To escape the life she leads him.

Dean Emerson always liked spicy food  
And so he chose some cinnamon  
To keep his pep up every day  
To help him in his career.

"Lolly" whom we know as Peg  
Is now a happy mother,  
With eleven children on her hands  
And Mike home rocking another.

Mildred's kids all have red hair  
The source of which we wonder,  
It goes against the laws we learned  
Way back in dear old Normal.

Ethel West got her eye on a car  
The make of what mattered little,  
The old junk a'rattles through the ville  
And ends upon Vail's Hill.

Refrain:

The years do come, the years do go,  
And all the world does change so,  
But still our hearts hold quite secure  
The memories of each other.

Mildred DeColaines  
Ethel West

**ZEDA CHAFFEE****"Zeda"**

We think that Zeda's mighty fine  
 'Though she sometimes hands us quite a line  
 With a friendly word and a winning smile  
 She makes things seem well worth our while.

**DOROTHY COWLING****"Dotty"**

Dotty came from the town of St. Jay  
 She's done her part to make things gay  
 The Verlyn will miss her when next year  
     rolls 'round  
 When an Editor-in-Chief can nowhere be  
     found.

**VIOLA CURRIER****"Lola"**

Bright of hair, and bright of smile,  
 She knew the navy for a while,  
 She'll find more emblems for her shield  
 While picking daisies "in the field".

**THELMA CURTIS****"Curt"**

We all thought her the studious kind,  
 But in our thinking we were blind.  
 We hope that she will never fail  
 To get green letters in the mail.





**GERTRUDE DESJARDINS** "Gertie"

When there is no dictionary to be easily  
found  
Look to see if Gertrude is anywhere around  
She speaks good English and French, too  
So hinky-dinky parlez-vous!

**MARION FORD** "Bun"

At school we call her just plain "Bun"  
For playing tricks she's lots of fun  
She has her work done weeks ahead  
And while we're working she's in bed.

**MARJORIE FORD** "Margie"

The nervous child we've always said  
Wiggling around and nodding her head  
She's energetic and willing to work  
Her teaching duties she'll never shirk.

**MARGUERITE HOVEY** "Ada"

Marguerite would rather ride than walk  
She likes to sing and likes to talk  
She gets acquainted with many boys  
And dancing's one of her greatest joys.

HILDA MARTIN

"Hilda"

Hilda stays up late at night  
 So all her studying will be right  
 When we all go out on a walk  
 Her stride gives everyone a shock.



LETHA McLAM

"Lee"

She's fond of the "drapes" in the living  
 room  
 A schoolmarm's life will not be her doom  
 She rides around in a little tan car  
 Which takes her places near and afar.



MARTHA PATERSON

"Pat"

She loves the Summer season best  
 When Summer's here she scorns the rest  
 After school a dark friend calls  
 One of many for whom she falls.



MARJORIE PEAKE

"Marg"

We all know Margie's very sweet  
 She works in the candy store on Main Street  
 One often sees her out on a lark  
 With a "young" boy who is very dark.





ELSIE ROLLINS

"Ellie"

Her thoughts are always down Danville way  
No matter what she may do or say  
She never lacks for jokes or fun  
When her studies are over and work is done.



KARLENE RUSSELL

"Khaki"

A quiet girl with lots of sense  
She understands what we think's dense  
Her room is full of units and books  
And many inhabitants from neighboring  
    brooks.



LILLIAN SAWYER

"Lil"

"A jovial gal", that's what we say  
But she's late for class most every day  
Really quite a joke-telling lass  
To be the president of the Junior Class.



ELINOR SCOTT

"Scott"

She loves to dance and loves to sing  
And can cook a meal fit for a king  
As she leaves for the train Friday afternoon  
She hums a happy little tune.



**EVELYN SHELTRA****"Sheltra"**

This small and quiet little lass  
 Never is in time for class  
 But if to St. Jay you chance to go  
 Evelyn would like a ride we know.

**MAY STEVENS****"Steve"**

This little girl is fond of skates  
 She never is lacking for friends or dates  
 President of Sanborn House is she  
 And a very fine teacher we hope she'll be.

**BERNICE WEBSTER****"Webby"**

We used to watch her hop and prance  
 But now she's finally learned to dance  
 A salesman is her greatest dream  
 We wonder why she's planned this scheme.

**ERMA WHITCOMB****"Whit"**

Erma likes to see the coming of "Dawn"  
 Which makes her feel that her troubles are  
 gone  
 "They can't do this to us", says she  
 It's the usual answer to you and me.



BETTY HUBBARD

"Bet"

Red headed and slender of build is she  
Clever and artistic to the nth degree  
She gives instructions with fiddle and bow  
As you pass her room you hear do-ti-do.

DOROTHY STROWBRIDGE

"Dot"

Dot's eyes look dreamy through her glasses  
She writes romantic poems in classes  
Ye Olde Tavern gets a wistful glance  
And we see the starting of a romance.

Marion Ford  
Flora Osgood  
Viola Currier

### CLASS PROPHECY

The Caledonian and the Journal were still flashing with the news of the fashionable wedding of Martha Paterson and "Trickstep" Somers when they started out on their Honeymoon Hitch Hike around the world. They decided this would be a novel idea and save them money to help in establishing a new home.

Everything went swell when they started out but after five or six miles of dusty roads Martha's spirit began to droop and "Trickstep" had the pleasure of carrying both knapsacks.

"Cheer up, Martha, my dear, a model T seems to be coming," and he signalled frantically at the driver.

The driver turned out to be none other than Marguerite Hovey who stopped her car and asked in a friendly manner if they were not tired.

"Trickstep" and Martha, in a sigh of relief, "Yes, indeed, we're tired of walking."

"Well, well" said Marguerite, "Try running awhile," and she drove off toward Gilman leaving them in another cloud of dust.

"Perhaps this is your idea of a honeymoon but it's my idea of nothing at all" said Martha, "and, unless something breaks for us soon, I'm going back to take my third year at L. N. S."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a hay-wagon, well worn with years of usage, drove up. A few miles back Martha would have snobbed the offer but our fair wedding couple tumbled in grateful, although Martha did grumble a bit fearing her new flannel suit would be ruined.

"There is something mighty familiar with these people, I'd almost swear that I've seen them before," remarked Martha.

"No doubt your imagination is running away," remarked "Trickstep" in a frigid manner.

All at once Martha climbed upon the wagon seat and grasped the hands of Dorothy Strobbridge and Dean Bullock.

"Hello, you old tramps, I haven't seen you since the years we spent together at L. N. S. playing ping pong to pass away the long evenings". "How is married life going with you, Dean?"



"Just great, she's a fine housekeeper and has a thriving chicken business on the side, so this gives me odd jobs to do with the hay wagon on Saturdays."

Martha and "Trickstep" were very grateful for the invitation to stay to dinner because this would save them money and thought it would be a good idea to eat enough to last for two days.

As the two work horses stopped before the house, the hired maid for the summer, who turned out to be another old classmate, Marjorie Ford, came rushing out to help carry in the groceries.

The following A. M. the two couples parted because it was necessary to get to New York in time to sail on the next cattle boat.

Usually women passengers were not allowed but "Trickstep" felt he could manage that. Just before arriving at New York, they passed through a town with flaunted flaming posters of the big vaudeville to be given that night, starring Betty Hubbard as the great violinist and Gertrude Desjardins singing the solo numbers of the opera "Aida".

The remainder of the journey to New York was uneventful and Martha persuaded "Trickstep" to spend the night before they sailed, in Hotel Cole.

That evening the hostess of the hotel came into the living room and Martha and "Trickstep" couldn't believe their eyes when who should she be but Thelma Curtis.

On inquiring how she was she said she was fine except for the fatal attack of "Charlie horse".

Glancing into the other corner of the room, a cheery, friendly smile, the first since we'd left good old Vermont, flashed before our eyes — it was none other than that of Zeda Chaffee who was "Puttering" around with her manuscript to be given to the National Congregational Convention.

Martha deciding she needed a wave made her way to the Hotel Beauty Shop. The sign over the door read thus:—

—White Lily Beauty Shop—

While away your leisure hours becoming more beautiful. Try our shoppe, where there is no risk to a customer. All experi-

ments have been tried on the operators.  
 Specialist in Permanent and  
 finger waving—Dorothy Cowling  
 Specialist in Hair Blends  
 —Viola Currier

Upon leaving the beauty shop, she ran into Evelyn Sheltra, who told her she had become a famous poetess.

"You didn't get your start writing the poem 'Isn't it fun' at dear old Lyndon?"

"I surely did."

After a short visit, Martha bought a few magazines and returned to her room. Glancing through one of the magazines she found an advertisement of a cow, under which read:—

#### BAG BALM

"Good for man as well as beast"—eases colds,  
 aids in burns and bruises, and used to grease  
 cow hide boots.

Call 1247 or write to Erma Whitcomb,  
 Lyndonville, Vermont

After reading a good story her eyes fell upon a small ad at the bottom of the page:

#### SPENCER'S

"For beauty and poise wear Spencer's"  
 —Call your Spencer sales-lady  
 Bunny Ford  
 64 East 5th St., New York City

Wondering where "Trickstep" was, she thought she would look for him in the lobby. Much to her surprise and anger she found him talking with a high powered flirt. However, when she found it was Elinor Scott, merely inquiring in a friendly manner about L. N. S. her anger melted. She told him she was instructress in knitting in Macy's Department Store.

After dinner that night Martha and "Trickstep" went to the Yankee Stadium to see the baseball game between the House of David and the Cahill Nine. In the front box was May Stevens cheering for her husband and eight sons.

On the boat the next A. M. they found that Bernice Webster and Karlene Russell were working their passage over. Kar-

lene explained that this summer's study would give them their master's degree.

The trip over was quite uneventful although Martha did feel it was a low class manner for a honeymooning couple to travel and mentioned it rather frequently to "Trickstep".

They landed in Liverpool, England and they found a very cunning American Tavern which professed to be inexpensive and as they both thought that they would be more comfortable in an American atmosphere they made plans to stay there. The establishment was owned and directed by the Misses Hilda Martin and Lillian Sawyer.

The cooking was so excellent that Martha was determined to travel no farther but spend the remainder of their honeymoon in England.

After being in England for two weeks "Trickstep" suggested to Martha that they start for the U. S. because he had received a cable offering him a position as the able leader of Paul Whitman's former band, and it would never do for him to be late home.

The first night out Martha heard someone in the next cabin groaning and moaning. Her heart went out to this fellow passenger in such distress and she threw a bathrobe around her shoulders, grabbed a heating pad and some asperins and went to the door and knocked. A feeble voice bade her enter. She stepped in and snapped on the light and who should be lying there all doubled up with pain but Elsie Rollins. For dinner that night she had eaten lobster Newbury, three bananas, a glass of milk and some strawberry ice-cream. As a result of this, combined with the motion of the ship, she was indeed in misery and more than glad to have such an efficient nurse. Before long Martha had her settled comfortable and asked how she came to be traveling. Elsie replied that she was chaperoning a group of La Salle students who had been studying in Paris, but as soon as she returned to the U. S. she expected to have a nice home in Danville, Vermont.

The following day they were sitting in their deck chairs enjoying the sea air when at the other end of the deck they saw the form of someone sketching a beautiful sunset. Catching a glance of the side of her face they recognized Marjorie Peake.



On their arrival in New York they again stayed at the Cole's Hotel which was situated directly across from Times Square Building. Looking up they saw this flash of society news — Letha McLam to marry heir to Folsom's Millions.

The next A. M. they took the train at Grand Central Station for the good old Green Mountain State.

Erma Whitcomb  
Letha McLam  
Zeda Chaffee

### CLASS AUCTION

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are gathered together here today to dispose of the various odds and ends kept and cherished by the unforgettable, highly efficient, doubly intelligent graduating class of 1937.

Attention!! How much am I offered for this nice jar of frogs containing every specie under the sun? Caught by hand and by net, by Bernice Webster and the Honorable Charles H. Hapgood respectfully. Rain or no rain, the worthy class transported them home. Going, going, gone! to the Freshmen class. (May you become expert picklers under the guiding hands of Mr. Hapgood.)

Who wants this position? President of a group of irresponsible fun-loving teachers-to-be, namely president of Sanborn House now held by May Stevens. Every bidder must be dependable, honest, free, white, and twenty-one. Sold! to the lady with the beautiful auburn hair, Joyce Ray.

Here's something Zeda Chaffee doesn't need any more; a whole basket full of argumentative ability, which has been well exercised in Math. class, and guaranteed to make anyone a "Doubting Thomas." Sold to that quiet, little, domestic lady, Urania Emerson.

Just look here! A five foot shelf of Dr. Elliott's Encyclopedias. Anyone purchasing same may be able to keep up on their scientific terms as well as Dorothy Cowling has this year. Sold to the shy, pessimistic, little Senior-to-be, Clara Webster.

See here! A perfectly good pair of silk stockings, with only one run in each one, but Lola Currier won't wear them any

more. They ought to be useful to someone. There they go—to that well-dressed, prim, motherly soul, Priscilla Lunnie.

Now see what we have! It's only "that laugh" that Gertrude Desjardins will no longer need, since she is going out into the field. Going, going, gone! to the pink cheeked, dark, curly haired little miss, Isabel Renfrew.

Look at this practically untouched Math. book, guaranteed to give someone plenty of work next year. Betty has taken wonderful care of it. My, my! The only one that wants it is that lover of knowledge, Doreen Bliss.

Now for a bargain! One free excursion ticket to Derby Line. Marguerite has so many she'd never miss one. We give it to that petite miss, Hilda Jock. (Stanstead isn't far away.)

Here's a sneeze, a real musical sneeze. How Sanborn House has cherished it; how the girls have laughed at it; and how Bun Ford has been annoyed by it. Sold to the lady with "horse fever", Flora Gesundheit!

Here's a new one! Three drawers of scrap paper! Whose? That non-note writing, Scotch lass, Hilda Martin. A bargain no freshman can afford to miss. Come on, Cecil, remember all those classmates you'll have next year. There it goes — and Cecil gets it!

A prescription for a perfect form! Who has it now? Why, Marjorie Peake. How's it done? Marjorie says that bowling helps and is loads of fun. Now listen to that girl in that corner bid. She's got it! What's your name, lady? Oh, Isabel Mugford!

Attention! Lillian Sawyer's interest in men in their late twenties. She says they are awful nice. Ah, another girl thinks so too. Listen to her bid! Guess she knows something about them. Let's see, she has red-hair, freckles, and I bet her name is Velma Cinnamon.

How about something to eat for a change? A whole, dozen, luscious "Ward" cakes donated by Elsie Rollins. Aw, Hazel? now we know your weakness.

Ha! a walk that gets you places! Marjorie Ford hasn't missed a day of school all year. Well, girls, who needs it most? Gertrude Parsons knows. Let's give it to her, ah, girls?

Look at this! Strowbridge is very generous. She has given the class a two-in-one bargain. It's a combination of an interest in the writing of love sonnets and Ye Olde Tavern. Step right up here, lady. My, aren't you tall, and Edna, what cute, black curls.

Step right up! Who wants B. Webster's Cinderella-like tendencies? Careful, girls, because it might keep you out until midnight. Sold to another lover of movies, Ruth Walker.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Erma Whitcomb has something that few girls can own. Remember that lively swagger? It'll make the fellows look twice, girls. Well, someone wants it and she looks like that tall, blonde they call Beatrice Covey.

Right this way, folks! See the great big football hero; his name need not be mentioned. For further detail see Martha Paterson. What, no bidders? In that case, said article will be reserved for sale next September.

Just the thing for all kinds of illnesses — a large bottle of rubbing alcohol, formerly used by Elinor Scott. Look at the invalids in the audience. Don't all speak at once! Here it goes to the tall blond lady with the green blouse, Marjorie Hill.

Just what you've been waiting for, aid in your nature class, A whole collection of various water animals. Those planning to take nature next year shouldn't hesitate to bid. Oh, the musical lady with the curl in the middle of her forehead wants it. Sold to Mona Aldrich. If you care for further help, Mona, you may call on their former owner, Karlene Russell.

Evelyn Sheltra can no longer keep her position as nurse maid to a certain junior and freshman girl. Here's a chance for any promising young maid to build up a career. Gone to the tall lady in the back row, Sarah Bass. Don't keep them out too late, Sarah.

Now we've come to the end of our bargains and we have just one last article to offer you. It is a whole ton of hard "coal". It will come in mighty handy next year. If you don't believe us, ask Thelma Curtis. Think it over, folks. Oh, a tall gentleman in back wants to say something. Step back folks and give Dean a chance. He'll need this to keep Smith Cottage warm next winter.

We hereby nominate, and appoint Ernest Sanborn, he being the most responsible, staid, and dignified undergraduate, as



the sole collector of the proceeds of this our last auction of the Junior Class of Lyndon Normal School to be our last sale from this school in the year of one thousand nine hundred and thirty seven.

Karlene Russell  
Evelyn Sheltra  
Elsie Rollins  
Marguerite Hovey

### OBITUARY OF JUNIOR CLASS OF 1937

The last services for the Junior Class of 1937 will be held at ten o'clock, June 14. It is a very solemn occasion.

The class was born September 3, 1935 at Lyndon Center, Vermont. It was welcomed by a "Get Acquainted Party" other classes being so glad of its arrival. All manner of other social functions were held to make this class feel at home. The entertainers succeeded very well indeed for only a fraction of the class left us before our final departure. These members were: Maxine Denny, Myrtle Harwood, Marion Blaine, Alice Cass, Kenneth Stockman, Ruth Mulry, Marion Simpson and Marjorie Smith.

The class was stricken with practice teaching in 1936, and for some time it was doubtful if it would survive. But it pulled through and has now left us through natural circumstances, the reason for the services June 14.

The class has lived at Lyndon Normal School for two years and has taken an active part in school affairs. It has given members to the Executive Board, the Verlyn Board and innumerable committees.

This year it was able to start a new class on its way through life at school.

Survivors are several members who are expected to live through next year. It is believed they are fighting for higher education.

The funeral will be public, Monday morning at ten o'clock. The services will be held at Lyndon Institute. Please send no flowers.

Hilda Martin  
Betty Hubbard

**CLASS POEM**

The time has come to say adieu,  
To Sanborn, Bean and school.  
Let's pack our clothes and shut our books  
Our golden school days now are through.  
We lay aside our every tool  
And take our coats from off their hooks.  
Now let the year ring out its knell,  
These rooms our secrets ne'er will tell.

For months together we have met  
In serious thought and aims so true  
But now we leave our well known tasks  
To follow out the path we've set.  
We've many things in life to do.  
So why not smile and go I ask?  
These happy years will not be lost  
In other work what e'er the cost.

B. W.  
M. A. H.



### UNITS

Before I came to Normal School my range of intelligence was very limited. I had never become acquainted with a unit.

The unit we encounter in Normal School is a monstrous and terrifying Polyphemus scowling down at us out of his one awful, blood-red eye (which is the central theme) and defying us to come on and tackle him if we dare. An unusual, valiant Ulysses with a courageous spirit will now and then bravely plunge in, accepting the challenge, but most of us timidly approach the giant's hiding place with mortal fear in our hearts. If we are so fortunate as to blind this Polyphemus before he devours us, we still have to fear the boulders which the monster will hurl at our gallant ships when we are out at sea. In this case we are "out at sea" in the teaching profession, trying drastically to apply these units we have made.

To complete a unit means hours and weeks of bitter torture — utter desperation, perspiration and resignation.

I go in search of another girl to go skiing with me on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon. Nine times out of ten she is hunch-



ed over her desk working on one of those infernal units. Furiously tearing at her hair and muttering wild ejaculations, she glares at me, the intruder, while I make a timid, yet hasty retreat.

I go home for a week-end, anticipating some degree of peace and rest. Saturday afternoon finds me sitting on the floor, submerged by a stack of magazines of all sizes and descriptions. With scissors in hand I am viciously slashing across the pages. My father enters the room and asks, "What **are** you doing?" Meekly I reply, "I am collecting pictures for my unit." "My great grandmother! What is a unit?" Stunned by his question I vainly fumble in my mind for the definition given for a unit. "A unit is" — I began confidently — "a unit is —" I stammer, "a unit is a big piece of work!" My father agrees with me.

This giant Polyphemus has several brothers who are all alike in one respect. They each have the one glaring eye. However, their bodies are very dissimilar.

The Problem Polyphemus carries on his massive shoulders a gigantic head which is swelled far out of proportion to the rest of his body. He wears robes covered with a design of question marks. His forehead is deeply furrowed with dark wrinkles from much heavy pondering.

Even more terrifying is the Fusion Polyphemus, with his bewildering scores of arms and legs, all of which are in motion at once. His clothes are of a motley and of gaudy hue. Never knowing in which direction to travel, he usually strides in dizzy circles.

Undoubtedly there are other Unit giants we will meet later, but Ulysses is weary now and must return for rest in his native land. Before he launches forth on another voyage to attack a new Polyphemus he will need a gallanter crew and swifter ships.

Ruth Walker

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## MY FIRST TASTE OF TABLE MANNERS AT SANBORN HOUSE

"Brrrrrrrrr" There goes the dinner bell. Now what was it my sister told me to remember about table manners? It was my first day to act as waitress, and it was my second week there. I didn't notice how the other girls had served the week before, I was too busy getting acquainted. Oh, how I dreaded it. It would be all right if there were just freshmen at this table; but there was a teacher, who practiced etiquette at every meal, and four junior girls.

I was faintly hoping for someone to push me down the stairs, or give me a nosebleed; but nothing happened. Soon I found myself standing by my chair. I had been informed beforehand that I could pour the milk. I waited for the eternal question "How many care for milk?" My goodness, five want milk. I poured the milk and started back with two glasses in hand. I forgot who raised their hands. Should I ask them if they wanted it? After several questionings I distributed the milk and sat down. Oh — that wasn't right. A kind freshman nudged me and told me to wait for the other waitress to sit down with me. I muttered that I didn't see why I couldn't sit down when I was ready, and then I bravely drank some water.

I started to mash my potato, and my neighbor nudged me again. "Wait until the hostess mashes her potato", she whispered. I put my fork down and sat there quietly with my hands folded in my lap. At last it looked as though we might eat. The food was going around the proper number of times, and the hostess was served first. I started to put the butter on my plate, but it persisted in sticking to the butter knife. I turned the butter knife down and over. Now it was smeared across the knife. I gave up, and decided that I didn't want to eat bread today.

Finally we started to eat. I'm not very hungry now. My appetite vanished while I was waiting for the food to be passed around. My Waterloo drew nearer. It was nearly time to clear the dishes for the second course. The hostess nodded her head, I arose and took the food from the table. Now — I placed the bread and butter plate on the dinner plate, the vegetable dish on

top of that, with the silverware balancing dangerously on the side. I prayed that the knife wouldn't fall — whoops — tip it to the right side a little more. There — I'm safe. Now I held tightly to this plate, just one more. I don't see how I can possibly do this — I'm sure it will hit one of these girls. Why do they have to sit so close together? It's all piled up now. "Dear Lord — all I ask is" — bang!!! Blushing furiously, I picked up the knife and fork; and I walked out to the kitchen.

Just one more thing — the pie. Which side am I supposed to serve from? Why does it matter? They are lucky if I don't spill the pie in their lap, so I decided to serve it from the most convenient side for me.

I uttered a sigh of relief when dinner was over. I gazed around the room proudly, and I complimented myself for not leaving the table where I made my social errors. I consoled myself with the saying — "Everybody makes mistakes", and "you didn't do so bad, old girl, better luck next time."

—I. Renfrew

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### LOOKING FORWARD

O glorious summer, you came to bring  
Flowers that bloom, and birds that sing;  
Before you comes spring who seems to say,  
"Begone you winter, I'm here to stay."

You both bring us happiness and cheer,  
And make everyone glad just to be here;  
You with your late evening and early morn;  
Seem to believe a new life will dawn.

A new life in which there is gladness and cheer;  
Where the sun is bright and the sky is clear—  
A new life which to us is giving  
So much we're glad just to be living.



The flowers and birds all seem to say,  
    "Wake up you folks, wake up and be gay;  
Come on out and enjoy all we have to give;  
    Let us make your life one easy to live."

The places we'll go; the things we'll see,  
    Show us how fine life really can be;  
When we wait through winter for a sign of spring,  
    We wait for a future, and what a future can bring.

—E. Sanborn

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### A DREAM OF SPRING

Spring! My soul goes out to greet you.  
Not in the dull face of the winter night,  
Nor in the midst of deeds to do;  
But in the dawn of coming light.

Spring! I greet you with singing heart—  
The birds northward wing their ways,  
The flowers blooming, when rusty leaves part,  
And soft winds make the tree tops sway.

Spring! When did I greet you last?  
It seems but yesterday to me.  
What makes life travel by so fast?  
It is a hidden treasure, have you the key?

Dear God — I hope that in this Spring  
I may embrace the gifts of life again.  
Give me one more immortal song to sing,  
To let what is forgotten so remain.

—June Field

**MEMORIES OF PSYCHOLOGY**

Why do some people have hair that curls  
While others have hair that is straight?  
Why do some people have teeth like pearls  
When others have teeth that they hate?  
How do we account for it? — The genes.

What makes some people extremely fat  
While others are unusually thin?  
What makes some people as tall as stacks  
And others as short as pins?  
How do we account for it? — The genes.

Why is that some have a normal mind  
While others are as dull as can be?  
Why is it that some folks are sweet and kind  
When others are rotten and nasty?  
How do we account for it? — The genes.

You may wonder now as you read this verse  
Whate'er the matter can be.  
Don't blame me but who should you blame?  
As I tell you, now you will see.  
How do I account for it? — The genes! The genes!  
The genes!

—Dorothy Wallace

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**FOG**

White ghost forms are all about me.  
They crowd without, within.  
They rise up from the river bed;  
And shut the whole world in.

—Waneta Wagner

## FRESHMAN DICTIONARY

- Art:** (1) Free activity period for Robinson; (2) A subject so unhealthy as to cause Freshmen to be absent.
- Assemblies:** (1) The thing that Miss Frisby and Miss Wilson don't attend unless they have to, (2) opportunities for dry speakers.
- Assignments:** (1) Something that is always too long and never too short. (2) Things you never get done on time.
- Beds:** The place where you're supposed to sleep, but can't; the article under which you throw everything you don't want.
- Boyfriends:** The exercisers of the door bell; something you always find in the vestibule.
- Breakfasts (Outdoor):** A place where the self-boarders do all the work; a place where no one is afraid to eat all he wants.
- Conferences:** A place where you are afraid to say what you think; A place to which one goes with fear and trembling.
- Cooperation:** Something you want but don't get.
- Doorbell:** A sources of annoyance to the librarian; haranger of hope for some girls.
- Dormitory:** A cage for wild feminine Vermonters; A place where the Dean holds sway and the students do not use good judgment.
- Duties:** The thing which Bean has a lot of.
- Education:** A place where you learn what to do when you are out in the field.
- English Class:** A place where Cecil Robinson can not bluff.
- Examinations:** A means of finding out what you don't know.
- Executive Board:** Supreme Court of Lyndon Normal School.
- Faculty:** Those persons who take it upon themselves to see that one makes no social errors.
- Field:** A place where we hope to pick daisies.
- Fridays:** The day which marks the dividing line between living and existing; An oasis in a dry desert for girls who have boy friends at home.
- Friends:** One from whom work can be copied.
- Geography:** A place where the third degree is administered every day; a class where units are the chief diet.
- Halls:** An overflow for the livingroom; A place to wear out brooms.



**Hats:** The thing which determines whether or not you will be a good teacher; A source of discomfort.

**Holidays:** The "Promised Land" of the Normal School students; A return to civilization.

**Intelligence Quotient:** That intangible something, which, if we don't have it, we can do nothing about it.

**Interest:** That thing which is hard to maintain in some classes; Money paid for the use of money — provided you have some.

**Judgment:** That virtue which always tells you the wrong thing to do.

**Livingroom:** A refuge for football heroes; A place to pause before repast.

**Mail:** Something you're always after but never get.

**Movies:** A means of diversion for girls who should be doing today the work that was due yesterday.

**Music:** Resurrection of the do — do birds; Rising and falling of notes — mostly falling.

**Night Out:** Time when students forget that they are members of Lyndon Normal School.

**Noise:** That thing which disappears at the sound of Miss Drew's feet; That thing which is created by certain individuals in the library.

**Open House:** An opportunity for Normal School girls to do their spring house cleaning; A gathering of young hopefuls to consider higher education.

**Opportunity Period:** Gathering of Freshmen to develop gray-matter.

**Orange crates:** Those things we set on end and call book cases.

**Papers:** Instruments of torture; something that teachers call in after a hard week-end.

**Parties:** A place where everyone knows that everyone else wishes he were elsewhere.

**Psychology:** A subject in which we learn that our feeble-mindedness was all luck and chance.

**Questionnaires:** Something which causes confusion in the office when it is being made.

**Rising Bell:** An unpleasant reminder that you were up too late the night before; a destroyer of tranquillity.

**Rocking chair:** Kay Munn's outside activity.

**Roommates:** People who use the mirror when you want it.

**Science:** A laboratory experiment in which a scientist vainly attempts to charge vacuum-filled heads with electricity.

**Self-boarders:** Characters who have opportunity to invent new dishes.

**Sign-out book:** A safe-guard against kidnapping and eloping.

**Sociology:** A class where weighty questions are discussed and no decisions are reached.

**Spreads:** Midnight sprees where we make or break friends.

**Study Hours:** The time when you're supposed to keep quiet but can't.

**Teas:** Social gatherings where we dress in our best and feel at our worst; those occasions when your hands are too big for your pockets and your vocal organs refuse to function.

**Units:** Those articles proposed by teachers, accomplished by students, and rewarded by failures.

**Verlyn:** That publication which prints nothing radical after the material has passed the board of censors.

**Week-ends:** Periods which are never long enough; something which takes us the whole of the next week from which to recover.

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## The Student Government

A new type of government was initiated into the school program at the beginning of the school year 1936. The Student Government Organization is now a part of the governing machinery. All students are members of the organization. The purpose of the organization is "to bring the students to a better understanding of, and greater responsibility in the governing of the student body and to maintain a closer relationship between the students and faculty."

The executive power is vested in an Executive Board consisting of twelve members; the three officers, (president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer); the principal of the school; and a representative from each of the following: Verlyn Board, Athletic Association, Sanborn House, Bean Cottage, outside students, and each of the three classes. The members of the first

Executive Board are as follows: President—Dean Emerson; vice-president—Doris West; secretary-treasurer—Zeda Chaffee; principal—Rita Bole; Senior Class—Laura Pierce; Junior Class—Esther Beck; Freshmen Class—Shirley Rogers; Sanborn House—Mildred DeColaines; Bean Cottage—Lois Rumney; Outside Students—Curtis Lamberton; Verlyn Board—Mona Aldrich; Athletic Association—Ethel West.

The duties of the Board are to take the initiative in planning the activities of the school and to set the standard for the conduct of members of the school. It may also consider the conduct of any individual or any group of individuals and make recommendations to these individuals.

For the Student Government, as evidenced during the past year, we bespeak a favorable future.

—E. Dahlbergh

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### THE STUDENTS SPEAK

It seems quite valuable to have the students as a part of the government. In this way the faculty has a better chance to know the wishes of the student body. Any student body should be self-governing and the more we attempt to be self-governing, the more harmonious and agreeable will be school life.

To me the greatest improvement in L. N. S. this year has been our new Student Government. What better way to please the student body than through the student organization?

For the first time the students have been given the right to express openly their opinions concerning their likes and dislikes of school procedures.

Naturally, as it is the first year for this school government, the "trials and tribulations" on the part of both teachers and students have been many. There has been much experimenting, and after weighing the experiments with great care the best ones have been adopted by the school for all future school government.



By another year L. N. S. will have a fine working government and it is my belief that the teachers and students of L. N. S. should be highly commended for their fine cooperation in making this student government a great success and an asset to the school, now and in the future.

I think that the Student Organization may be proud of its accomplishments this year. With efficient management, leadership, and cooperation this body may do a great deal for Lyndon Normal School in the future.

The student government seems to me the outgrowth of the democratic spirit existing in this school. Although it may have failed in a few minor details, it has for the most part fulfilled our expectations. May it continue to grow!

The student government is just what Lyndon Normal needs and has needed for some time. The system makes possible a more cooperative school on the part of both teachers and students. If the members of the student body voice their opinions, their wishes and dislikes, the school authorities know what changes to make in the school organization.

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### EDITORIAL

In every school there is a certain portion of the student-body which is definitely relegated to the back-ground when it comes to voicing opinions on school matters, especially if these opinions happen to take the form of adverse criticisms of the few who occupy the center of the stage.

However, these people have a right to their opinions, and the writer of this article, who numbers himself among the group being referred to, wishes to express his thoughts on a certain phase of our school life.

We refer to the Student Organization and its unfortunate set-up. To do this we shall mention some of the questions that have arisen in the minds of many as a result of certain incidents.

Is it fair to place in the hands of a few chosen members of the student-body such delicate questions as mis-conduct and expulsion? Is it fair for a member of the student-body, whether a council member or not, to sit in on conferences between principal and student on matters of conduct, and further humiliate the person being questioned? Is it fair to complete the humiliation of the individual by making the matter public before the entire student-body? Are not these matters which should be settled between principal and student to the exclusion of all others? Do all these situations help to make the Student Organization the asset to our school it should be, or do they tend to make it a definite liability.

We want a Student Organization, of course, but we want one which will confine itself to questions rightfully within its jurisdiction. It is true that we, as students, placed certain disciplinary powers in the hands of the Council by our unanimous acceptance of the Constitution and By-Laws as set up last fall. We can see now, however, that this was unwise on our part, and before another year has passed we would like to see the whole situation clarified by means of one or more amendments to the constitution which would serve to bring about a proper distribution of authority.

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## Social Activities

### EXECUTIVE BOARD PARTY

The Executive Board gave a unique party in the Baptist vestry, January 8th, 1937 at 8 o'clock. Students and teachers received invitations which had pictures of clocks pointing to 8.20 and which read:

You'll be late if you congregate  
At the time this clock would indicate.  
For Nitwits gather at the stroke of eight.  
Brightwits, lightwits, dimwits too  
Will be there in this year so new,  
With Father Time and the bold Cuckoo.

Guests at the party wore headdresses consisting of a piece of string and a colored feather. Forfeits were given to late-arrivers, and to those guilty of misbehavior.

Appetizers in the form of sandwiches made of oyster crackers and baked beans were served. Then came the refreshments of cocoa and sandwiches. A package of birdseed was presented to the group which had accomplished the best work during the evening.

Everyone enjoyed this unique party, at which not even the faculty was allowed to wear its dignity.

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### FRESHMEN DANCE

Our freshmen dance which was held in the Institute Chapel on January 22nd, proved to be a most successful occasion and a very enjoyable evening for one and all.

The chapel was attractively decorated with yellow and green trimmings. Calhoun's orchestra furnished our music for the evening, and dancing was enjoyed from eight till twelve o'clock. We were entertained with a floor show consisting of tap dancing, singing, and violin playing. Eleanor Dahlbergh had charge of the various committees for this dance. At eleven o'clock dainty refreshments consisting of wafers and punch were served by the freshmen girls.

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### GEORGE WASHINGTON DANCE

The George Washington Dance, sponsored by Bean Cottage and Sanborn House, was held February 18th in the Institute Chapel. Dancing to the music of Calhoun's orchestra was enjoyed as well as a floor show.

The hall was decorated in red and white and little red hatchets were presented at the door as tickets.

Refreshments of punch and cookies were served by the refreshment committee who survived although, through a slight error, they had been locked in the Home Economics Room for some time.



### SILVER TEA

On February 25th, 1937 the Verlyn Board sponsored a Silver Tea which was held in Sanborn House livingroom at four o'clock. A large collection of antiques, brought in by the students, was on display. The waitresses were dressed in the gowns grandma wore long ago and proved that the modern girl might have fitted into grandma's day after all.

Cookies were served with the tea and the guests left happy and contented after an enjoyable afternoon.

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### THE ST. PATRICK'S BACKWARD DANCE

This was the novelty dance of the year. The decorating committee did an excellent piece of work assembling four hundred balloons around the hall in a beautiful design. Refreshments consisting of cheese sandwiches cut in shamrock design, cupcakes, and coffee were served soon after the opening dance, instead of later in the evening, to keep in accord with the "backward" atmosphere. Calhoun's orchestra from St. Johnsbury furnished the music.

This "backward dance" was sponsored by the Verlyn Board, and took place at the Institute Chapel March 12th, 1937. Karlene Exley was general chairman and was assisted by an excellent "supporting cast" of committees.

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### EASTER SERVICE

On March 26, 1937 a very impressive Easter Service was presented at the Baptist Church. The prelude and postlude were played by Mr. James H. Hayford. The Girls' Glee Club rendered two selections, "There is a Green Hill" by Gounod and "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones", a seventeenth century melody. The invocation was given by Reverend H. A. White. Luke 9: 28-48 was the basis of the scripture lesson. An organ and violin duet was played by Mr. Hayford and Miss Betty Hubbard. This

year Reverend LeRoy Rice, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Barre, Vt., was again welcomed as guest speaker. His appropriate topic, "The Bridal of Earth and Sky" was a very interesting one and helpful to all of us. He pointed out the close relationship of heaven and earth and gave us an inspiration and ideal to follow in future years.

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### APRIL FOOL PARTY AT BAPTIST CHURCH

APRIL 9, 1937

Sir Sanborn led the merry crowd  
Which gathered there at eight,  
To fool each other fair or foul  
And gamble with their fate.

Charles Hapgood sat upon the bench  
With other judges six,  
Inspecting all the Fools and Nuts,  
Dumbells and Lunatics.

Forfeits he gave to every side;  
Nobody did he miss,  
But Lois Rumney won the prize  
With "Well, Charles, what is this!"

From her it went to Olga Wowk  
For letters said backward;  
Then Miss McQueen last had the flowers  
Because she laughed so loud.

Miss Drew did catch a rooster red;  
Humpty Dumpty took a spill;  
Because Miss Bole was, oh, so late  
She danced the plain quadrille.

The radio "speels" went off just grand  
The stunts were very good,  
But after all, the best time came  
With cocoa and real food.

The party broke up rather late  
With all still "going strong"  
So really, I think, you'll agree  
To fool each other isn't wrong.

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#### OPEN HOUSE AT LYNDON STATE NORMAL

April 30 and May 1 were gala days at Lyndon State Normal when the students acted as hostesses to nearly fifty incoming students, who will join us next September.

The guests represented a wide range of schools namely: North Troy, Thetford, Barton, Bradford, Charleston, Concord, Derby, Brighton, Marshfield, Montpelier, Orleans, Plainfield, St. Johnsbury and Wells River.

The various student committees, with their faculty advisors, tried to make this "Open House" the best ever with plenty of entertainment, eats, and fun.

Friday the regular class schedules were carried on, so that the guests might see the students at work. At 3.30 P. M. a recreation hour was planned when we watched a volley ball game played by two teams from Lyndon Institute.

After supper at Sanborn House a social hour was held and dancing and music was enjoyed by all of the girls. At eight o'clock the play, "Uncle Jimmy", was presented by the Dramatic Club in the Lyndon Institute Auditorium. Selections were rendered by the Normal School Orchestra and the Girls' Double Trio. Spreads at both Bean Cottage and Sanborn House closed the day's festivities and the girls all retired (at least we hope!)

At 8 A. M. on Saturday there was an outdoor breakfast on Vail's Hill and this was a grand success. The weather was perfect but the eats were still better!

At noon the guests departed for their respective homes and Lyndon Normal School hopes they won't forget to return in September.



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### DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

The Dramatic Club started the year with fifteen members. "Uncle Jimmy" by Zona Gale was presented at Open House.

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### THE ETIQUETTE CLUB

The most important points of etiquette have been discussed in the meetings. It aided in entertaining High School Seniors at Open House on April 30. The club had its annual outing by dining at Darling Inn May 19.

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### OFFICERS OF CLUBS

Dramatic Club

Pres. Martha Paterson

Etiquette Club

Pres. Hilda Jock

Music Club

Pres. Harland Merriam

Hiking Club

Pres. Dean Emerson

Riflery Club

Pres. Wilfred Elliott

Literary



## THE TEACHING HOUR

Between the noon and the twilight  
When the sun is beginning to lower  
Comes a pause in the school's occupation  
That is known as the teaching hour.

I hear in the hall down below me  
The clatter of many feet  
And the bang of a door that is opened  
And voices that drum and beat.

From my window I see in the sunlight  
Descending the well worn stairs  
Grave Florence and laughing Miss Fernow  
And Elizabeth with graying hair.

A sudden rush from the auto  
A stately tread up the walk  
My heart goes all pitter-patter  
My tongue, it won't even talk.

They look at your plans and your merit  
Peer at seat-work and inspect your hair  
They almost surround you with orders  
They seem to be every where.

Do you think wise supervisors  
That with you at our beck and call  
That such inexperienced teachers as we are  
Are not a match for you all?

You have us fast in your clutches  
And will not let us depart  
But will put for us in your grade book  
A great, big red penciled mark.

There it will stay until school closes  
Yes, forever and a day  
Until Lyndon Normal crumbles in ruin  
And molders in dust away.

—Elsie Tucker



**WHAT DO THE TREES SAY?**

Do you know what the trees are saying  
When they whisper to themselves?  
Do you 'spose they're telling secrets  
To the fairies or the elves?

Does the sighing pine tree murmur  
Shy caresses, low and sweet,  
When it bows its soft green branches  
To the grasses at its feet?

When sedate and green-clad maples  
Bend and whisper; nod and sigh  
Are they holding sewing circles?  
Do they gossip on the sly?

When the slender snowy birches,  
Shy and sweet in gowns of green;  
Bow and curtsy; are they dancing  
With the fairies tho' unseen?

If you know what trees are saying  
When they whisper to and fro,  
Won't you tell me just a little?  
For I want so much to know.

—S. Chase

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**SUNSET**

The gorgeous rays of the sunset  
Are flashing their last bright beams  
Red and yellow and gold had met  
To weave a sea of dreams.

The sunset brings a thought of life  
As we travel along our way.  
Sometimes dull colors suggesting strife  
But other times, radiant and gay.

Sunsets can be quiet, and serene  
Or restless wanderers across the sky.  
But whatever they are, they always mean  
Once more a perfect day's gone by.

—M. Hovey

The inmates of Lyndon Normal School  
Are noted for their sagacity.  
Also for their fertile brains  
Which have great plasticity.  
While dealing with a "problem child"  
They use their maternal instinct  
(Or paternal as the case may be)  
In every town or precinct.  
When tantrums are used as means of gains  
And little minds on action bent  
The teacher uses her correcting powers  
And at last resorts to punishment  
Of the corporal kind, long since forgotten,  
By the teachers of this day  
But has to be used now and then  
For teacher, dear, to hold her sway.  
And so it goes from day to day,  
And when the contract is sealed,  
The children leave the Normal School,  
And gambol in the "field".

—Curt Lamberton

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### SPRING

Birds are singing, crickets chirping,  
Bees are buzzing, men are working,  
All are working, none are shirking  
On this gay spring afternoon.

There you see a soft white cloud.  
Here a field lies freshly plowed  
There a fox his love has vowed,  
On this gay spring afternoon.

And here I sit and think and think,  
And try to work out link by link,  
An easier way to wash a sink,  
On this gay spring afternoon.

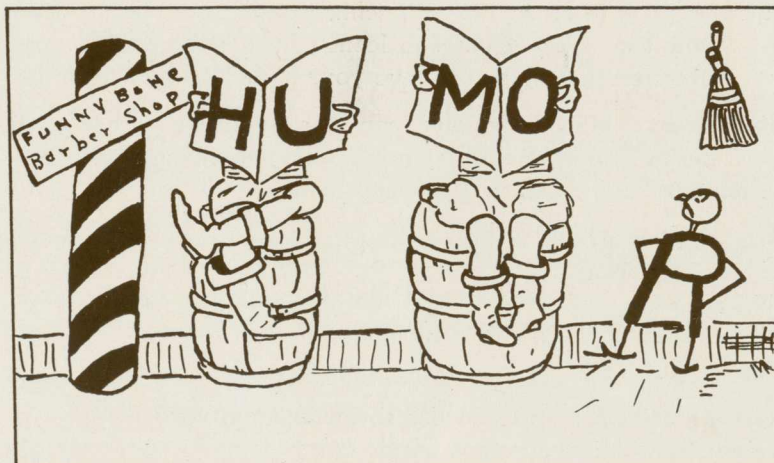
—B. W.

? !

There's the telephone! Dear me! Oh, I wonder who it can be. I hope — oh well! perhaps it isn't, but what if it is? Now, who do you suppose — oh! Hello! Who? Yes. . . yes. . . you what? I don't know what you mean — would you say that again — Why I never heard of such a thing. It can't possibly be true — you must be mistaken — I'd almost doubt it if I saw it with my own two eyes — She seemed like that kind — Are you sure about it?—Well, you never can tell these days — Yes, that's what we were just saying — Well, I'd always thought so but I never let on to anyone that such a thing ever entered my head. Well, I never — I wish I could have been there. What do you suppose the spectators thought? I was saying only this morning that no good would come of such actions. And she isn't the only one, you know. There are others just as bad, if not worse. What's that I smell! Oh, my pumpkin pies — oh I almost forgot them—good-bye — good-bye. Good land sakes alive! Such a young pretty girl, too — running around in ankle socks!

—Lola Currier





Miss Frisby: Do you agree with the author in his idea of travel?

Ethel West: Yes, I do. I like to go for walks alone although you wouldn't think so to see me.

Freshman: Where does that line go?

Hapgood: It doesn't go anywhere; it just stays there.

Merriam: What's the matter with your leg?

Ford: I managed to keep my eyes open in that class but my leg absolutely refused to stay awake and it's still asleep.

Miss Fernow in history class: 'Marat was murdered in his bathtub by a young French girl. You see he lost his head in the bathtub.

Doreen Bliss was laughing quite loudly one day before Science Class. Mr. Hapgood said: Next time, Miss Bliss, will you please leave your horse outside.

Mr. Hapgood: Why is it that the same number of volts of electricity can pass through my body as through that of a man to be electrocuted and not harm me, but will kill the other man?

Dorothy Wallace: There's nothing to hold the electricity in your head.

One afternoon in music class Priscilla Lunnie was reading **Yang and Yin**. Cecil Robinson leaned over and said: If you'll give me that book I'll have your name changed to mine.

Miss Frisby: Miss Villeneuve, can you give me a phrase to describe the hands of a hard working ditch digger?

Bernadette: Soft, dainty, fluttering hands.

Miss Fernow giving a list of writings of authors: Have you Shakespeare?

Class: Yes.

Miss Fernow: Have you Bunyan's?

Class: No.

Martha Paterson: Did someone throw an ax at you?

Melvin Somers: Nope, got a hair cut.

Martha: Well, sit higher in the chair next time.

Beth White in history class giving a report on the Settling of St. J. about some of the wild life. One of her sentences ran as follows: They often saw deer coming through the woods with their huge antelopes on their heads.

Social worker coming into the office: Will you give some money to help the retired Teacher's Home?

Miss Rudd: What are they roaming around without a chaperone again?

Miss Wilson: What's a cannibal?

Lois Rumney: I don't know.

Miss Wilson: Well, if you ate your mother and father what would you be?

Lois: An orphan.

Mr. Hapgood: Why doesn't a camel have as much hair as he used to?

Wilma Garron: He's taken some of it off.

Test Question: What would happen to a **bulb** if the handle of the generator were turned slowly?

Answer found on Freshman's paper in Hapgood's class: At first spark would tickle the **bull** and if it stayed on too long it would burn it and kill it.

Miss Hodges: Robinson, are you working? (Robinson meaning as usual about the Art Room).

Robinson: Yes, Miss Hodges.

Miss Hodges: Well then, you better sit down and rest awhile.

Geography class: Miss Wilson, where is Pike's Peak?

Miss Wilson (sleepily on Monday morning): "Oh, either in Denver or Colorado."

Bystander in the 'Ville: "Emerson, do you think the Normal School will have 'Etiquette' next year?"

Dean, puffing out: "If the rest of the faculty is willing, I AM."

Miss Drew after solemn conference period: "Now Miss Muggford, I want you to sit and think about this."

Isabel: I can't Miss Drew — to sit is fattening, to think is thinning and I must keep my proper balance in order to use good judgment.

Miss Hoffman: Miss Bole, I noticed some nice new drapes in the living room at Sanborn.

Miss Bole: Yes, the old ones wore out.

Miss Hoffman: I should think they might have been tired.

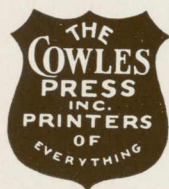
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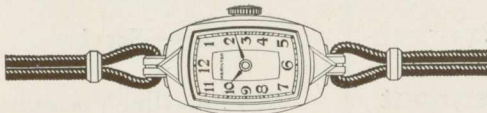
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